Worth Saying

South Emergent

★ ★ ★

HARRY GOLDEN

By HARRY GOLDEN

The South most people think they know is peopled by downtrodden Negroes, lusty mountaineers, a few tent-evangelists, and frail youths who wish they'd ridden behind Pickett that day at Gettysburg. This is the stereotyped South, the South of Margaret Mitchell where everyone's grandfather was a colonel in the Civil War. This is the South that does not exist.

The real South is much more complex. Industrialists and sharecroppers walk along the same Main Street; philanthropists and poets work across the hall from each other. All of them are Southerners.

SOUTHERN WRITERS

Examine the phenomenon of the Southern writer, for he is a man who lives in the real South. Since Ellen Glasgow, the South has produced a considerable body of literature — William Faulukner, Tennessee Williams, Robert Penn Warren, Carson McCullers, Jimmie Street, Allen Tate, Burke Davis, John Crowe Ransom, Paul Green. It is curious that these writers differ from other American writers in that they write at home, in the South.

James Thurber came from Ohio State University to New York City and Ernest Hemingway from Michigan to Paris, Barcelona and Cuba to write. T. S. Eliot left St. Louis for London. Eugene O'Neill never stopped travelling and Robert Frost, believe it or not, left California for New England.

FAULKNER STAYED

But William Faulkner has never left Oxford, Mississippi, and Robert Penn Warren wrote two prize-winning novels and several volumes of poetry while he lived in New Orleans. Ransom and Tate were colleagues at Vanderbilt University when they founded The Fugitive magazine and wrote the laws which revolutionized modern literary criticism. It is true that Thomas Wolfe left North Carolina, but though they got the boy out of Ashville, they never got Asheville out of the boy.

What keeps these writers at home? What nourishes them?

SOUTH EMERGENT

The answer is that the South is emergent. Today the South is about to make the most crucial moral decision ever made by the American people. It will integrate its schools. This is a decision which has been swelling within Southerners for the last 35 years. It is this urge toward charity that has made the South an exciting place to live.

The mass of Southerners, the doctors, factory workers, lawyers, newspaper men and clerks, were never irrevocably opposed to integration. Great areas of the South have proved themselves willing and able to accept it.

Governor Faubus, the dynamiters, the White Citizens Councils make the headlines. While they are not to be dismissed, neither are they to be feared. They represent the last gasp of the old, stereotyped South: They are fierce because they know they have lost their fight.

The Southerners have no intention of separating themselves emotionally from the rest of America. They help their cities sponsor symphony orchestras and operas. They make experiments with modern architecture. They help manage the highly industrialized South which has never known the barbarity of a sweatshop or the cruelty of a blacklist.

IT WILL END

Segregation will end because it is an economic extravagance. It is inefficient as well as costly, and more and more people are beginning to realize the high cost of enforcing second-class citizenship, to say nothing of the awesome waste of human resources.

But it is not the cost alone which will end segregation. The South is composed of decent, kind, law-abiding citizens. They will accept integration in the long run not because it is ruled into law by the Supreme Court but because it is un-Christian not to accept it.

MORAL ATMOSPHERE

The South is also perhaps the most religious area in the world today, and the Populist movement that started here in the 1900's was not only political but moral in nature.

That is why the Southern writers stayed at home. That is why they became writers in the first place, because the South gave them a subject to write about and that subject was a moral subject.

Electricity Cures Insomnia

TOKYO (NANA) — Overworked Japanese railroad engineers are being put to sleep by a weak electric current. It's a sure cure for insomnia.

The method, first used in Soviet Russia, has been perfected here by Kunie Hashimoto of the National Railway Labor Medical Laboratory.

Here's how it works: electrodes, wrapped in gauze soaked in a saline solution, are placed over a subject's eyelids and over the back of his head. Then an electric current of about 10 cycles per second and 100 microamperes is applied to the electrodes.

That's all there is to it, and within seconds the tired worker is deep in slumber. He awakens completely refreshed, without any of the unpleasant aftereffects often produced by sleeping pills.

Hashimoto explains that the electric current acts on the cerebrum, which controls the sleep-wakefulness cycle in man. Once the subject is asleep, he says, the current gradually is cut off. The subject remains asleep, exactly as if he were in a deep, naturally produced slumber.

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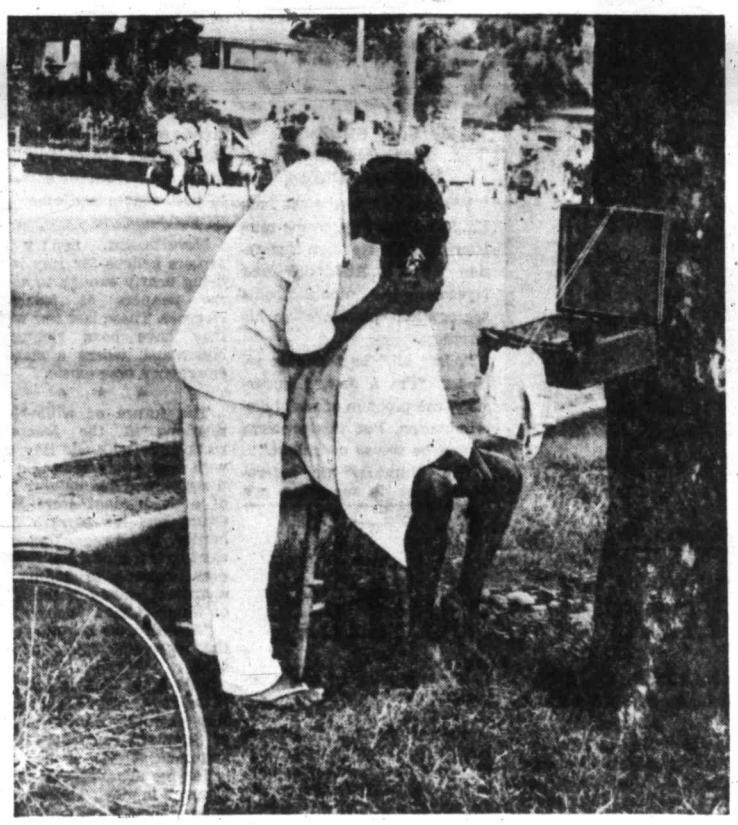

Any Tree to Hang Mirror Is His Shop

Sidewalk barber has set up shop along a road in Djakarta, Indonesia. After hanging his mirror and equipment on a tree, he's in business for the day. Outdoor barbers like this man have "leases" on certain trees in the area, and generally work only in that spot.

Off the Record

Humor Improvised To Suit the Music

BY JIM TAYLOR

Many people have tried to put humor across on records, but only a few have succeeded. Now they can make room for a pair of the best in Elaine May and Mike Nichols.

It's a strange kind of humor these two sell in their first LP, neither the childish humor of an Eddie Lawrence or Johnny Standley, nor the biting satire of the master, Stan Freburg. Like Freburg, they present humor that must be listened to closely to be appreciated, and, like Freburg, their timing is fantastically precise.

SCENE CREATED

The LP is called "Improvisations to Music," and the content is just that. To quote the blurb on the jacket, "The material within is a collection of words and music completely improvised at the recording session. Pianist Marty Rubenstein played varied sorts of music that suggested different moods, and May and Nichols would spontaneously create a scene to fit each.

GERM OF IDEA

"Occasionally the briefest germ of an idea would be presented beforehand (e.g. "maybe you could be a boss and his secretary in a cocktail lounge"), but there were no scripts, no rehearsals, and nothing was planned beforehand."

Frankly, I find that last bit a little hard to believe. The humor is too good, and the scenes build up to a climax too well to be completely spontaneous. But the fact remains that there is some of the funniest material put on wax in some time.

SEDUCTION SCENE

For instance, there is "Cocktail Piano," which features the big boss taking the first steps toward seduction of a young secretary while they talk about inking the mimeograph machine. Then they switch, and do a takeoff on every spy movie ever made, featuring the Thin Man, Short Man, Bald Lady, Fat Man, and Mysterious Foreigner.

There is the British dentist and his woman patient, (Darling, when I looked in your mouth, and saw you were English clear through . . ."), and an interview between a phsychiatrist and his patient that has a punch line that should go down in recording history.

It's in town now. Buy it.

★ ★ ★

SELECTED SINGLES: **Joe Reisman** is doing big things with "The Spanish Marching Song," which the publicity men would have you believe was used by the warring troops of **Fidel Castro.** It sounds more like something the girls' Beaver Patrol would sing as they embarked on a dangerous daisy-picking expedition . . **Ray Conniff** seems to have another smash LP on his hands in "Broadway In Rhythm," which makes use of his usual orchestra-with-chorus format . . . Speaking of LPs, **Keeley Smith** has one out on which she concentrates on her own particular way with a ballad, and another with hubby **Louis Prima** and **Sam Butera** and the **Witnesses,** a rocker called "Hey Boy, Hey Girl" . . . The **Crickets,** with the late **Buddy Holly** doing the lead vocal, have released "Love Makes a Fool of You" . . . "Remember When" is a collection of oldies by the **Platters,** listenable enough but not one of their best efforts . . . Cashbox sleeper of the week is "Pajama Party," by young **Bobby Pedrick, Jr.,** who had a hit with his first, "White Bucks and Saddle Shoes."

THE VOICE OF ONE

By REV. DR. FRANK S. MORLEY

The Christian church today is menaced by wordly pride because it loses the "Advent." Buildings, ritual, music, statistics, financial power and numerical growth are too important. We need to recover through prayer and faith the Advent of Jesus Christ.

Woe to the church that loses "Advent!" It becomes splintered into rival dominations by internal bickering, and by races and classes. Utterly lost is the unity in which "there is neither black nor white, Briton nor American, worker nor capitalist."

When the church loses the "Advent," it alternates between the despair of Reinhold Niebuhr and the cultural adaptations of Tillich, between the withdrawal of the sects and the existentialism of Kiersegaard, between the self-sufficient humanism of the social reformer and the mysticism of Evelyn Underhill or J. T. Stace.

When the church loses the "Advent," it becomes a "religious institution" which makes it not only shallow but false. It becomes proud for, as Barth contends, all religions are efforts at self-salvation and a refusal of God's redemption. Consequently he blasts "religion as unbelief" and "the concern of the Godless man," a form of idolatry and "self-attainment." The Bible doesn't mention religion, as Kraemer and Hartenstein point out.

Worse Insult than Marx

When the church loses the "Advent," it joins Ernest Renan in boasting "Jesus will not be surpassed," and thus insults Him far more than a Hitler or a Marx. It becomes "broad" and syncretistic, easy-going and self-complacent. Its faith finally is expressed, in such terms as that of humanism, that the "trend of history" justifies a faith that the universes is "on the side of human ideals." Christianity is humanitarian, but it is not humanitarianism, and the humanitarian view of Jesus is not the Biblical view.

When the church loses the "Advent," it loses all sense of the Bible's concept of the purpose of God. "Salvation by grace" and "Salvation by faith alone" sound like utter nonsense and are even repugnant. The coming of Christ as a drama that involves the whole universe, as described by Paul in the eighth chapter of Romans, is fantastic gibberish to them. The members of such churches will usually mock and raise the old question, "Don't I need to do any good deeds then?" They forget that the book of John, which speaks of the Incarnate Word, also is emphatic about love, and that the twelfth chapter of Romans is one of the most magnificent descriptions of the Christian life—"truth in order to goodness."

No Longer a Miracle

When the church loses the "Advent," it only sees man's hands reaching up to God, not God's hands reaching down to man. No longer is Christ a "miracle," the revelation of God, God incarnate, mediator of the knowledge of God, the forgiveness of God, the peace of God, and the life and power of God, utterly unique and incomparable.

Is it any wonder then that if the church loses the Advent, it loses the awe of its members, not to mention the respect of the world? Its members fail to appreciate the significance of Luther's amazing contention that not only is the church utterly necessary to Christians for, Luther says, "Outside the Christian church is no truth, no Christ, no blessedness." It is also necessary to God Himself!

"God's folk cannot be without God's Word," but "God's Word cannot be without God's folk!" The Christian church is a miracle too, or it is no Christian church.

City Scholar Wins $300

The annual Hudson's Bay college scholarship of $300 and guaranteed summer employment has been awarded to Roger Hollick, 494 Island Highway, a second year arts student at Victoria College.

Mr. Hollick, a graduate of Oak Bay High School, is treasurer of the college student council. He plans to take his BA with majors in psychology and economics. The scholarship is presented to a student of the college on the basis of academic standing, ability and aptitude and personal qualities who is interested in a career in merchandising.

Boiestown, a community founded 48 miles from Fredericton in 1822, is the geographical centre of New Brunswick.

OAK BAY BEACH HOTEL
Norma MacDonald and Reginald Stone announce the second of their series of organ recitals in our lounge on this Thursday evening, March 19. We will enjoy Mr. Stone's advanced students, plus two excellent guest artists — Irene Henderson, soprano; Lorna Langley, harpist.
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The Blue Water

Deep Sea Men Never Lose Their Longing

By JOHN FREDERIC GIBSON

"Ah, Gibson," said a polite and amused voice over the phone. "Don't forget there are some deep sea sailors in this town."

"I won't," I said. "By the way. Are you at sea?"

"Indeed no. Not since 1950. I'm sales representative for M . . ."

Thereafter my mind started to circle in a desultory way through peace and war and peace, across oceans and seas, in and out of ports. It takes a feat of mental gymnastics to think oneself back into a way of life and to write of it without prejudice or nostalgia.

MONASTIC LIFE

For every broken-hearted sailor in a departing freighter or warship there are a good many happy men who look forward to the monastic and disciplined life at sea. An ocean lies ahead, thousands of miles of water. What is remembered is the flat, incandescent blue. The freighter creeps over this at 10 to 15 knots. The telegraph is to full ahead. The actual speed is a compromise between that scheduled by the owners and that considered the least critical by the chief engineer. Warships, sailing in company, agree on a number of revolutions. The land drops astern. The dust of port flies off to lee.

A sailor does not often look at the sea; he is contained, mentally and physically, in a small, elongated world. Thus the hours and the days pass. The ship moves slowly on her course while the outer world becomes pleasantly remote. It becomes a sound of morse in the W/T office, a laconic bulletin fixed on the notice board with drawing pins.

JAUNDICED EYE

The professional sailor gazes with a jaundiced eye upon the port of arrival. His routine is disturbed. He takes a taxi or a rickshaw up to the post office and sends off his mail. Maybe he has a glass of beer. He is at ease at the Vauxhall in Gothenberg, at the Galle Face in Colombo, at the Casino Palace in Port Said and at a hundred other hotels wherever ships berth.

He will drop in to see old friends 10,000 miles from home in the same way that you or I might visit people in Sooke or Duncan on a Sunday afternoon.

MOOD PASSES

Half way through the round voyage he might become ill at ease, conscious of the happy families, the children with their fathers, the men who return at five and have no dawn watch on the cool eminence of the bridge. Luckily, this mood passes, and by the time the ship sails he is glad to be off, away from the crowds, away from the climate. He is puzzled by the people who live out their lives in one small town.

A school friend and I went to sea on different ships when we were both 17. We met again in a cafe called Mitchell's which was near a tiny shack port on the South Australian coast (1938). We met again in Londonderry in 1940. We spent 10 minutes together in Trincomalee in 1944. We waved at one another in Manila in 1945. It was not until the following year that we found ourselves on the same ship bound from Hong Kong for Fremantle.

IN DOG-HOUSE

We walked the deck in silence. Michael was in the dog-house for having sent a four-inch shell through the funnel of an American freighter. I had a nasty feeling that the island ahead was not Bali at all and that we might never find our way out of the Java Sea.

"What a life," Michael said.

"Awful."

"I'm going to find a shore job when we get home."

"Me too."

And now that we are ashore we walk up and down in melancholy silence and remember that other life; a cup of hot soup during an Arctic blizzard; sitting in the French Club at Suez, opening mail; passing a ship in mid-ocean; walking under the burning white of the stars over Aden . . .

I suppose the sales representative for M . . . . in Victoria remembers too.

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